

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF EDUCATION

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THE SAFETY OF A REPUBLIC

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CONTENTS.



EDITORIAL.

Arbor Day.....	5
Fraudulent Degrees.....	5
The Greatest Thing in Education.....	6
Traveling Colleges.....	7

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Some Hints for Teaching the Civil War.....	8
A Bit of Experience in a Commercial College.....	9

EDUCATIONAL NOTES AND CURRENT EVENTS.

Pictures in the School.....	12
Ventilation—Traveling Library.....	13
Public Opinion.....	14
Primary and Secondary Education.....	14
The War in the East—France's New President.....	15

MEMORIAL DAYS.

Arbor Day—Selections for the Program.....	16
The Field Lark's Day—Plant a Tree.....	17
Historical Trees Told in Rhyme.....	18
A Plea For The Trees.....	19

LITERATURE.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.....	20
------------------------------	----

PRACTICAL METHODS.

An Old Song Evening.....	24
Reading.....	25
A Bit of Confession.....	26

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

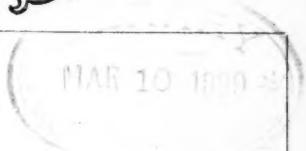
A Lesson on Honesty.....	27
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LITERARY NOTES.....

BUSINESS.....

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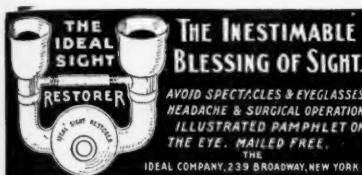
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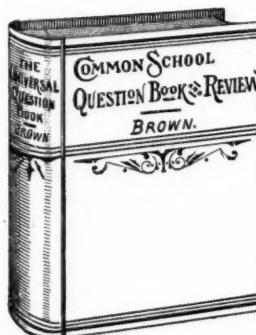
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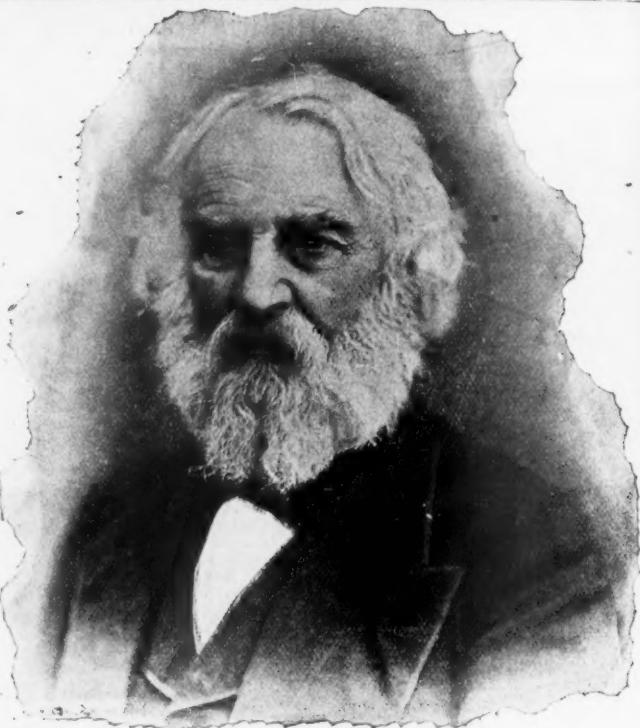


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VOL. XXXII

ST. LOUIS, MO., MARCH 1, 1899.

No.

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Arbor Day. This great tree planting day was started by the state of Nebraska in the year 1872. It was a day devoted to tree planting throughout the entire state. The thought of the day and the plan was suggested by Mr. Morton, who has since been Secretary of Agriculture. The legislatures of nearly every state are now taking up the same plan, appointing a special day for the planting of trees and beautifying the landscape.

The intimate association of the schools with this day of tree planting is a very fortunate one. It attracts the boys and girls to a greater love of the knowledge of nature and a deeper respect for the trees and plants, because of their great value to the whole community. It also encourages that provident spirit of hopefulness that builds not for the present but looks forward to the joy of future generations.

This is the one holiday that is given in memory of those who are yet to pass this way. As J. Sterling Morton has so well said:

"Ordinary holidays are retrospective. They honor something good and great which has been and, by its exaltation, commend it to the emulation of mankind.

"But Arbor day is not like other holidays. Each of those repose upon the past, while Arbor day proposes for the future. It contemplates not the good and the beautiful of past generations, but it

sketches, outlines, establishes the useful and the beautiful for the ages yet to come. Other anniversaries stand with their backs to the future, peering into and worshiping the past, but Arbor day faces the future with an affectionate solicitude, regarding it as an artist his canvas, and etches upon our prairies and plains gigantic groves and towering forests of waving trees, which shall for our posterity become consummate living pictures, compared to which the gorgeous colorings of Rubens are tame and insignificant.

"The wooded landscape in sunlight and in shadow, which you—in the trees you have planted today—have only faintly limned, shall in the future fruition of their summer beauty compel the admiration and gratitude of men and women now unborn, who shall see with interest and satisfaction their symmetry and loveliness. As one friend hands to another a bouquet, so this anniversary sends greetings and flowers, foliage and fruit, to posterity. It is the sole holiday of the human family which looks forward and not backward."

Let us this year make the most of this grand opportunity to beautify the school grounds.

Fraudulent Degrees. No paper presented at the last meeting of the Illinois State Teachers' Association aroused more interest or attracted more attention than that of President Rogers of Northwestern University on the subject "Fraudulent Degrees." The extent to which the underhanded methods of the degree-conferring power is carried on in the great city of Chicago, as shown by Dr. Rogers, was a surprise and a severe shock to the educators of the State.

That the shock was genuine is shown by the reaction. The discussion of the subject led to the appointment of a committee, with Dr. Rogers as chairman, whose duty it is to formulate a bill for correcting the abuses under consideration and to present the same to the present Legislature for passage. The members of the committee are the

presidents of the following universities or colleges: Chicago, Illinois, Knox, Illinois College, Wheaton, Illinois Wesleyan, Shurtleff, Carthage, Lake Forest and Lincoln. The text of the bill has been agreed upon, and it will be pushed to action as rapidly as possible. It is substantially the same as a bill proposed by the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Its principal sections are as follows:

"1. That a body be established to be known as the Educational Commission of Illinois.

"2. That the members of the commission hold office for a period of not less than six years. And that the term of office be so arranged that not more than one-third shall retire in any one year.

"3. That institutions hereafter incorporated shall derive the degree-conferring power from the commission, and not otherwise. That institutions heretofore incorporated and which now possess the degree-conferring power may continue to exercise the same unless deprived of the right so to do by the commission, on the ground that the institution affected falls below the standard which the commission has established.

"4. That the commission shall not grant the degree-conferring power to any institution organized as a business enterprise, or to anyone in which any part of the assets or income can be divided among stockholders, or to any institution having lower requirements for admission or graduation than the minimum standard therefor established by the commission, or to any institution hereafter established as a college or university unless its productive endowment shall amount to at least \$100,000.

"5. The commission shall have the right, after having given reasonable notice, to withdraw the degree-conferring power from any institution upon which it has conferred it, whenever an institution fails to meet the conditions necessary to justify the granting of the power in the first instance.

"6. Any institution which exercises the degree-conferring power contrary to the provisions hereinbefore set forth, shall forfeit its right to exist as an educational institution, and it shall be the duty of the law officers of the state to wind up its affairs. And the members of a board of trustees so offending shall be individually liable to fine, or imprisonment, or both, according to the discretion of the court."

We believe every friend of genuine education will rejoice in the prospect of a removal of this blot from the record of this great State. A degree that is earned by close application and hard study from any of our reputable colleges is a crown of honor to the one who obtains it, but the laws of the State ought to be such that "no one is crowned except he

strive lawfully." Every one interested, and every educator in the State ought to be deeply interested in this measure, should see that the members of the Legislature are properly enlightened and urged to pass this bill to the end that this dishonor may be removed from the State.

The Greatest Thing in Education. Probably the last article that was written by the late Dr. Joseph Baldwin was on this subject and appeared in the Texas School Magazine. It is a fitting close to a long and useful life of a man who always strove to instill the principles of righteousness, truth, purity and Christianity into the minds and hearts of all with whom he came in contact.

Conduct culture, says Dr. Baldwin, is the greatest thing in education. Pupils are led through right ideas to create right ideals, feel ennobling emotions, and do right acts. Right acts get to be right habits, and grow into good character. The school is doing much, but a world full of lawlessness pleads for more efficient conduct culture. How may the school develop good character, as surely as good citizenship?

1. Conduct culture must be made primary. Practically, the educational world groups the school studies in five study groups:

- (a) Conduct studies.
- (b) Language-literary studies.
- (c) Science studies.
- (d) Mathematical studies.
- (e) Art studies.

The teaching of related subjects as an organic unit is the best thing in modern methods. The studies in each group are essentially a unit and are pursued as one study. The five study groups constitute a larger unit in which all the other groups supplement and re-enforce each group. All studies are in a sense conduct studies, but it is in history rather than in algebra that high ideals and ennobling motives are impressed. The studies relating to the individual self, the social and the cosmic self, are pre-eminently conduct studies. It seems fitting to include the studies named in the conduct study group:

- (a) Concrete Conduct Lessons.
- (b) Practical Ethics.
- (c) Biography and History.
- (d) Civics and Economics.
- (e) Mind Lessons and Practical Religion.

Literature and science, most of all, re-enforce the conduct studies. History is the race teaching by experience and is the central conduct study. We become wise and refined and pure because our race heritage is the true, the beautiful and the good.

The conduct studies have the highest educational value, for they do most to prepare for complete liv-

ing. We marvel at the astonishing neglect of these studies in the past, and rejoice in the mighty movement to exalt conduct culture.

2. Conduct Culture Must Be Made Systematic.—The ideal education elevates conduct culture from a fitful incidental training to the highest place in school and college work. It gets into the warp and woof of life all that is best. One daily recitation period is devoted to conduct culture. Systematic conduct teaching in schools and colleges will mark an educational epoch. "The purpose is the active betterment of the world and the progressive elevation of human living." That knowledge is of most worth which stands in the closest relation to the highest forms of human activity, and this is unquestionably true of the conduct studies. It must be best, therefore, to give these studies pre-eminence in our school work.

3. The Conduct Teacher Should Be a Specialist.—In all schools above the primary, specialization conditions efficiency. Each teacher, in the grammar school, as well as in the high school, needs to be a specialist in one of the five study groups. It is eminently fitting that the principal should be a specialist in conduct culture. He or she is made principal because of special abilities to secure good conduct. To him it is a delight to govern up to self-government and train to habits of self control, self reliance and efficient work. History and civics are so studied as to re-enforce the special conduct lessons and lead up to a life of duty. Practical religion as embodied in the life of Jesus keeps before the pupils the best ideals and the most helpful incentives. All agree that the teachers of literature and science and mathematics and art should be specialists. It seems almost infinitely more important that principals should be specialists in conduct culture.

4. The Methods of Teaching the Conduct Studies Should Be Effective.—These are such as tend to foster character growth. The conduct teacher gets to understand his pupils and manages to lead them through high incentives to habitual good conduct. From the lessons of every day life and history and literature the best character ideals are created and the pupils are led to do their best to realize these ideals. Bad habits are rooted out in the growing of good habits. The moral virtues are so cherished as to become dominant in the life of the pupil. Conduct springs from within, and conduct culture must be an integral part of every exercise. Character growth comes from knowing and doing.

To impress in a few words these lessons, let us remind ourselves: That education has for its aim the development of what is best in the pupil, that conduct culture is the greatest thing in education, that conduct studies are of the highest

educative value, and that conduct teaching should be systematic, effective, persistent.

The noblest work of God is a man who, from principle and from habit, does what he deems is right. The highest work of the educator is the development of such men and women.

Traveling Colleges. The article on another page entitled "A Bit of Experience in a Commercial School" is true to life. In nearly every town there can be found many young people who can duplicate much of the experience of Miss Kugler. The traveling college is still abroad in the land, but we think the places where it can effect a landing and secure its victims are becoming less every year, and we hope this article may be the means of saving some from the clutches of these wily traveling professors.

Supt. Gilbert of Newark, N. J., as chairman of a committee, in an article in the School Journal, asks the important question, "Are county institutes injurious?" and then proceeds to discuss the question as follows:

"Does the state wisely spend money in conducting county institutes as at the present time? Your committee does not desire to make any radical statements upon this subject, but it does desire to call the thoughtful attention of the teachers of the state, the state board of education, the state superintendent and the legislators to this question. In our common schools we are trying to do away with mass teaching. It is a question whether mass teaching is of more value for adults than it is for the children. This committee inclines to the opinion that the lecture plan is the worst possible plan of teaching anybody and that the ordinary county institutes, to which teachers gather and remain for one, two or three days, listening to talks by people of greater or less ability, are questionable means of educational improvement.

"Any one who has spoken in an institute towards the end of the session knows what to expect—worn countenances, forced attention or inattention, deadened nerves; in short, all the evidences of mental indigestion. Would it not be well to abandon the present plan of county institutes and to substitute therefor some plan of regular, systematic instruction for teachers?"

What though the wild winds are raging,
And the meadows are desolate, drear,
The springtime is bringing sweet sunshine,
With fragrance and beauty and cheer.



SOME HINTS FOR TEACHING THE CIVIL WAR.

BY W. B. DAVIS, A. M.

In teaching any subject one must decide upon the phase he wishes to emphasize. There must be a central thought. He must aim at some particular mark. The phase, central thought or mark will vary with the teacher, and the same teacher rarely presents the same subject in precisely the same manner to two different classes. The experience gained in teaching one class fits him for better work with its successor.

It is asked that a plan for teaching the civil war be given, and the phase chosen is actual advances and retreats by the respective armies. The central thought is progress made year by year by the union troops. The particular mark aimed at is that pupils may have the geography of the civil war well in hand. Incidentally dates, battles, officers, incidents, etc., will be taught, but the distinctive purpose of this paper is to suggest a plan that may be followed in an obscure rural school or that may be used in the best equipped high school. Teachers must modify it to suit themselves and their classes.

First, the material.

Secure a sufficient number of outline maps of the southern states to give one to each member of the class. The small maps, about 6x8, on thin paper, costing about one-half cent each, are the best.

Send 25 cents to some firm that advertises tablets for making colored inks. This will buy five colors and enough of each to last a careful teacher three or four years for this work.

Keep all inks on your own desk, have pupils use them in school hours and be sure that proper pens are dipped into different inks.

Second, use of material.

Decide on one color for union and another for confederate forces. The other colors may be used to indicate streams, places held by both armies in turn or in any way the wideawake teacher may think best.

Connect the principal centers of the union armies at the outbreak of the war, using the color chosen to represent that army, and place the date on these lines, repeating the date if necessary for clearness.

In like manner connect the principal centers of the confederate armies and date them.

Draw lines to show the relative positions of the opposing armies at the close of the first great campaign and date them. By continuing this each pupil will graphically represent the advance of the union troops and the retreat of the confederate troops. He will have a clear idea of the location of various cities and battlefields and will know more about the real ground marched over than if he had depended wholly on the maps in his text book.

Determine on a series of numbers or of letters to indicate cities, forts, battlefields, etc.; have these numbers or other distinguishing marks properly placed on the face of each map and on the reverse of the map write the numbers with the name of the place designated by them. Teachers will save themselves work by having all pupils use the same numbers for the same places represented by them; e. g. 1, Washington; 2, Richmond; 24, Vicksburg.

It is well to make the maps by degrees. The teacher would better keep them in his desk and issue them to pupils as they are ready to work on them. If the names of the pupils are written on the maps they can readily be given to the proper persons and in this way confusion will be avoided and each will be given proper credit for his own effort.

Third, some cautions.

Avoid blots. Do not fold the maps. Endeavor to keep the class at the same rate of progress. Look over the maps from time to time to see that your directions are being carried out. Be fertile in ways to encourage pupils to do their best.

Fourth, when the maps are completed.

Bind them into a book, using tape fastened in two places and giving room enough to turn each leaf of the book and not tear. This is done by tying the tape loosely. Use this in your review work; show it to your visitors; keep it for succeeding classes, unless pupils have paid for the maps, in which case they belong to them and should be returned at the close of the term. Other profitable uses will suggest themselves to wideawake teachers who try this plan.

Some classes are quickened to a livelier interest if the teacher calls the war a game of checkers. One set of men was blue, the other gray. One king row was the Ohio and Potomac rivers, the other the Gulf of Mexico. One side of the board was the Atlantic ocean, the other the Mississippi river. The double corner for the north was Washington and Richmond; for the south, Vicksburg and New Orleans. The players were Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, and the one who gained the king row first won the game. In some respects the comparison is not complete, but it has been found helpful in arousing a deeper interest in the mightiest game of war ever played.

Carbondale, Ill., February 21, 1899.

A BIT OF EXPERIENCE IN A COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

BY ELIZABETH KUGLER.

"Have you had any experience in commercial school work?" asked the Rapid Calculator, eyeing the applicant keenly.

"Yes," and a smile shot across the young woman's brown eyes while her lips twitched. "It was a rare bit of experience, like the rock's imprisoned imprint of a fern which was never gathered by man. Shall I tell you of it?"

The long two-column figure gave the correct answer and took the seat opposite, somewhat mollified by her frankness and unexpected naturalness of manner.

I saw an advertisement in *The Interior: Wanted, a lady of education and experience to take charge of the Shorthand Department in a commercial college; good salary. Address, A. C. Parsons, Aurora, Ill.* I always read advertisements, just to keep up with the times, you know. But that particular ad made me dimly conscious of a vague presentment that some day my fortune would come to me through an advertisement. And, without waiting for the cowardly second thought, I answered it, and mailed the letter myself, to make sure of it. It was all over and done with in half an hour. With a woman to think, is to act. May be you would say, to act, and think afterwards.

That advertisement came direct from the hand of Providence, so it seemed to me. The several years' strain of fifty or sixty children in the third and fourth grade had quite upset my nerves, and my physician ordered complete rest for a year. But when I stopped, the "mill stopped grinding." I have no home, you see my father married a second wife, and she has so poisoned his mind against his children that I am quite ready to agree with Howard Payne, "there is no place like home."

Two weeks later a letter came in answer to my application, that much the envelope proclaimed. I read the address over and over again:

Miss Minnesota Cook,
Cook's Valley,
Cook Co., Minn.

Admired the beautiful curves of the m's and c's, mentally comparing them with my own cramped hand, and speculated on the probable contents. You know a woman, not like a man, never opens her letters right away. If she is sure of the contents, there is such pleasure in anticipation, and if she dreads bad news, delays the confirmation of her fears. Having carefully weighed all the possible pros and cons, now sure of success and the next moment fearful of failure, I hastily tore open the

envelope, not waiting to read it through, but hurriedly glanced here and there to glean its import. Yes, it was favorable. Then I took my time, there was no hurry, to discover that I was to report at once, go direct to the Etna House, where Prof. Parsons would meet me, and be ready to begin work Monday morning, it was then Saturday; salary for the first six months \$45 and after that \$60 per month, if mutually satisfied.

Being now a business woman, seven o'clock Monday morning found me ascending the steps of the Etna House in Aurora, Ill. I half expected some one to meet me at the depot, but decided that was not "business." I sent my card up. The porter returned, saying that Prof. Parsons had departed the night previous, but his agent, Mr. Spooner, would be down in a few moments.

The moments dragged their weary length along. I inspected everything in the room, which was just like the parlor of every other two-dollar house, save for the abundance of beautiful house plants. Two hours passed, judging from the sun's rays, for I had lost my watch somehow, somewhere in the rapid transit. A pleasant breeze stirred the drowsy stillness, and Mr. Spooner stood before me, a blue-eyed, boyish young fellow in a Prince Albert, patent leather slippers and curled hair—and an eyeglass, bowing with all the grace of a dancing master. I learned afterwards that the delay was occasioned by the sleepiness of Fred, the son of the proprietor, who would not get up to breakfast and give Mr. Spooner a chance to borrow his Sunday coat and slippers. He handed me a letter from Prof. Parsons and, excusing himself, murmuring something about having dressed rather hastily, discreetly withdrew while I read it. As he disappeared through the open door he pulled one of the refractory slippers up over his heel. The letter merely informed me that Prof. Parsons had been obliged to return to Dixon, where he had a very large school; but his agent, Mr. Spooner, would attend to everything, and he would be down Wednesday. Turning my attention to the agent, who had exchanged the slippers for shoes, hat, and cane, I began to explain that I was very near-sighted, not wishing to get anything, not even the chance to earn my own living, under what might seem to be false pretenses. But was quickly interrupted by the affable agent, "That is all right. We know all about you, and what is of importance to us, that you are an accomplished stenographer, a lady of education, and a teacher of several years' experience."

I settled my features and approached the subject of a boarding place. "Well, I am stopping here," said he, "just for the present," and he lowered his voice. "But some of the other teachers are at the Columbia, only a block far-

ther down, same priced house. You see, we wrote a number of scholarships for the proprietor's children, and it might be policy to eat some of it out. But, perhaps, you prefer a private house," he went on, "suit yourself, of course."

I shrank from the publicity of a hotel, but effected a compromise by deciding to take my meals at the Columbia and lodge in a private house.

He assured me that I need not give myself any uneasiness about school hours that morning, but could take the forenoon to get settled in my new quarters.

"I will give you a list of first-class families," he kindly offered, "or what is better, explain the situation to Joe, the Cabby, who is a directory of the town bound in soft leather. But do not pay him; you did not pay him for bringing you up from the depot?" he inquired; was glad I had forgotten it. "No, I have a standing account with him, and it may as well all go together. Will meet you at the Columbia House at one o'clock, and escort you to the College," he said, as he handed me in, and he stood with bared head until the carriage rolled away.

I found elegant quarters with Mrs. Winter-Green Fleming, thought the social standing of the school must be maintained at all hazards. The lady was living with her third husband, but succeeded in preserving her identity by simply adding the new name every time she was led to the altar.

According to appointment, Mr. Spooner escorted me to the college, which occupied "the entire second floor of the Republican Building." "Of course there will be practically nothing to do to-day," he explained, "you know there never is the first day. And, in fact, the impression has gone out that we do not begin before to-morrow. But, really now, I am ashamed to have you see such barely furnished rooms," barring the entrance for a moment to the narrow staircase; "but, you understand, we can't do everything at once. Wish you could see our Dixon school. We have there an old mansion situated away up on the hillside overlooking the town." I had not seen all the low-lying prairie land of North-Brussels, pictures, and antique oak desks; and we'll earn Illinois. "All the rooms are furnished with body have this in ship shape, too, in a week or so."

All this while I was taking a quiet inventory of The Aurora College of Commerce, which netted four small rooms; two in the rear innocent of all furnishings; a small pine table, four chairs, and a kerosene lamp, with a gaudy paper shade, gave dignity to the left front; and a long pine table, two chairs and a poor old typewriter of uncertain gait to the right front. Corps of teachers, one—Prof. Sidles, a puffy-faced, rather beefy young man in spectacles. On the whole, he made a good impression, as he had

nothing to say. Students, one—a young man who talked incessantly, and always along the same nasal channel—the sole heir of the aforesaid Columbia House proprietor. He was somewhat undersized, I remember noticing, and thinking at the time, "well, it won't take long for us to eat you up."

"You see we must go slow, and make everything pay for itself," I heard the agent say.

"Yes, Rome wasn't built in a day," I replied for want of something more original.

The next day the students did not appear for some reason or other, and Wednesday was no better. That evening the agent went to Dixon to confer with his principal, "who could not possibly be down before Friday evening or Saturday morning." But he brought back with him renewed energy, enthusiasm, and—a wheel.

Prof. Parsons sent me word not to be discouraged. "Have you had any experience in starting a school of this kind?" asked the agent. "No, no," I admitted. "Why in Dixon it was three weeks before we got a student," he explained, "and then they came with a rush, twenty-eight a day. Say, Sidles," he called out, "do you know he's got to put another teacher in the Shorthand Department. I wouldn't be surprised, Miss Cook, if you would have to go up there and help them out, till we get started here. Parsons is almost beside himself, so rushed with work. My, but he's a fine business man."

"I prefer overwork anytime to inaction," I interrupted. I had written to all my friends twice over, had done up the town in every direction, and was at my wit's end. "Is Prof. Parsons willing to keep us here on expense?" I ventured.

"Don't worry about your salary. He doesn't mind a little necessary expense like this at the start. He even suggested that we might not be making enough, of a show to attract the attention of the public."

"By the way, can you come down this evening to meet a young lady and her mother, who wish to talk shorthand?" I was only too glad of a chance to talk shorthand. But I found the poor girl had no more notion of entering the school than she had capacity; and was there, curiously enough, simply because she had been invited.

Friday afternoon we dismissed early, and I went to the cemetery.

About nine o'clock Saturday morning Mr. Spooner called to inform me that Prof. Parsons had telephoned that it would be utterly impossible for him to make Aurora before Monday evening. But he would be down then sure, as he wanted to settle up outstanding bills, and would like me to return with him to the Dixon school. Mr. Spooner read me an extract from a letter he had received, stating his reasons for wishing me to be identified with that school in any event.

"You see you are all right, no matter what happens. It is only the poor friendless orphan, like myself, that gets left in this cold world. Did I show you Mr. Parsons' picture?" he asked with boyish eagerness, producing the photograph of a handsome blonde gentleman. "Why, I'd rather take that man's word than another man's note," and he tapped the card with enthusiasm. "Generous—to a fault. Why, I never yet went with that fellow to church but he dropped a silver half-dollar on the plate. What's your church?" he asked. "Presbyterian," I replied. "So's Parsons. I'm a Universalist, but I'll go wherever you say. Shall I call for you in the morning?"

Of course, I would not trouble him, scarcely able to repress a smile at the vision of that bicycle suit sitting up beside me at a church service. I remembered hearing him ask his colleague in my presence, the next day after my arrival, if he had not made a good deal in getting that bicycle suit for the Prince Albert. Looking at him, I noticed the curls were closely cropped; indeed, were it not for the fact that I recognize voices rather than faces, I should not have known him—he was now a boy of sixteen.

"Do you know, I've half a mind to tell you my trouble," said he. "I tell you, I envy the fellow that has a sister." My thoughts flew to the brother away in the Philippines, and for his sake I gave "the poor orphan" a smile of encouragement.

"To tell you the truth, I'm in a box. I owe \$35 at the Etna House and some other bills about town, and they are pushing me to the wall. You see, I've put them off so many times on the strength of Parsons' promises. If I could only stave them off until he comes down Monday; I might all but one, but he's an ugly customer. Of course they don't know Parsons as I do and I don't blame them; but if they only knew it, he is the soul of honor. Would you be willing to help me out?" he asked with evident shamefacedness. "I'll pay you back Monday evening, as soon as Parsons duffs up."

I did not believe one word he said, but with a woman's characteristic weakness could not tell him so, and just gave him all I happened to have on hand, \$2, so sorry it was not more.

On taking leave at the door he stopped to brush a speck of imaginary dust from the bishop sleeve of my tea gown; calling back as he ran down the steps, "Of course you won't be down to-day; you know this is our holiday," and he laughed at his own joke.

"Oh, no," I replied in the same tone. "I am only too glad to be relieved." Sotto voce, "You young rascal, that's the last ever I'll see of my \$2."

When I went to dinner Mr. Butler, the proprietor, met me at the ladies' entrance and with a sweep

ing courtesy handed me my mail. This surprised me not a little. But I bowed my thanks and passed on into the dining room, intending to decide later whether it were a kindness or an impertinence. I opened the letters, quite a number, while waiting for the soup, just to see who were my correspondents. I was so glad that some strange impulse had led me to go back to my room, after reaching the lower hall, for a key I had carried off from Cook's Valley in mistake. I was childishly eager to see if it would fit one of the doors of the college, that I might go in and answer my letters on the typewriter. It is no use for me to write with a pen; nobody can read it. Sure enough it did turn by dint of persuasion in the last lock, and I was jubilant over the prospect of an afternoon's undisturbed possession. Threw off my hat, made myself comfortable and was half way down the first page of the longest letter when voices in the adjoining room attracted my attention. Wishing to make my presence known and recognizing Prof. Sidles' voice, I called out, "Why, I thought you were in Dixon; you said you were going up to stay over Sunday."

In answer an elderly gentleman appeared at the door and demanded how I got in. Thinking him one of the town's original characters, I smiled at him and said, "Oh, I just walked in."

But he was not to be put off in that way. "Don't you know that I have all these things under lock and key? I am the constable and have seized everything under an injunction sworn out by Bean of the Etna House for the board bill of Mr. Spooner. These things will all be appraised this afternoon and sold under the hammer unless someone walks up and squares accounts, paying all the costs."

I had hard work to make him understand that all this was news to me. I went in and asked Prof. Sidles what it all meant. He declared that he knew no more than I, but said Mr. Spooner would explain all. I then went in search of Mr. Spooner, but that gentleman had gone to Evanston "on business" and would see me on his return at 4 p. m.

From the attorney who made out the papers I learned that our principal, Prof. Parsons, had left Dixon the night before, buying a ticket for St. Louis and leaving all his debts unpaid ever since his advent into the town, about eight months previous, and that Mr. Spooner had gone straight from the lawyer's office to me that morning, telling them that he thought he could get the money to meet his personal obligations, although Prof. Parsons was responsible for his board bill. He assured me that I had no possible redress for time or money lost, but advised me to wait until Monday to see what developments there might be in the case. The furniture was not even paid for and Mr. Spooner held a chattel mortgage on the typewriter, which, the lawyer suggested, might be rented.

The constable met me and asked if it were true that I was the wife of Prof. Parsons. "For if he's a married man, you know, we don't dare sell these things. He can claim the \$500 act according to the laws of this state and make this a pretty dear piece of business for us."

But my indignant denial convinced him of the truth. Why, I had never even seen the man. It is perhaps needless to say that I have not yet seen Prof. Parsons nor his agent, Mr. Spooner.

Recalling a remark let fall by one of the young men with regard to the beautiful home of Prof. Parsons in Point Pleasant, W. Va., it occurred to me to make inquiries of some friends that I happened to have in that place, and discovered that he had opened a large school there the year before. But at the close of the first six months he collected the remaining half of the tuition and left for parts unknown, leaving all his bills unpaid.

Now do you think I have had any experience in commercial school work? But, no doubt, it is an experience that will not count, for, if I were to meet Prof. Parsons and Mr. Spooner to-morrow I should be dumb with shame. And I never allow anybody to penetrate the motives of my refusal to accept his measure.

No, I cannot humiliate a man before his own soul and shall continue to believe that "man's word is God in man"—that none but a coward could be other than true to himself.

DEATH OF DR. BALDWIN.

The death of Dr. Joseph Baldwin at his home in Austin, Tex., on January 13, brings a deep sense of sadness not only to the thousands of teachers who have been directly under his instruction and knew him personally, but also to the hundreds of thousands of teachers and school children who learned to know him and to love him for the great inspiration he has given them through his many helpful books. As a story writer for children, one who could make the old stories simple, interesting and instructive, he had no equal. His old stories of the East, old Greek stories, and his school readings by grades, all published by the American Book Co., and the Baldwin Biographical Booklets by the Werner School Book Co., will stand as endearing monuments to the noble Christian character of this great friend of the boys and girls of American schools.

The surest way to remember a thing is to try and forget it.

It takes a smart man to make money, a prudent man to save it, but it is a wise man that knows how to spend it.

Educational Notes and Current

Events

BY D. M. HARRIS, Ph. D.

Pictures in the Schools. Our ideas of art are formed long before we know what art is. Goethe said, "Happy is the youth who learns in early life to know good art." In America we have desecrated our homes and our schools by the most villainous pictures ever conceived. The school girl productions that disfigure so many American homes are a discredit to our culture and our intelligence. Happily we are slowly outgrowing the daub, the chromo and the lithograph. Now that reproduction in black and white and even in colors of the works of the greatest masters has become so general there can no longer be any excuse for covering the walls of our school buildings with hideous copies of oil paintings done by machinery. Fortunately the introduction of free-hand drawing in many schools has revealed the vileness of much that passed under the name of art a generation ago. Teaching color to children in the kindergarten has been another valuable aid in ridding ourselves of the evil under which we have so long suffered. In these days when the press is throwing millions of illustrated papers daily we need to have steady nerves or else we shall be ruined artistically. There is much good work, but the greater part of it is utterly atrocious. School teachers may by taking a little trouble and incurring less expense, furnish their rooms with pictures which will educate the children to enjoy only the best pictures. The Werner Company, in Beebe's First School Year, gives valuable information on the subject. We take the following extract:

"As to the pictures, individual means, individual taste, and individual consecration to the cause will determine their quantity and quality. It will hardly be disputed that if any pictures are put upon our walls they ought to be good ones. There are many bright, pretty, attractive and transient pictures easily procurable, but there are also copies of the permanent pictures to be had at small cost. The school year is so short a span in a child's life that we have no time to give him anything but the best. Perhaps I can illustrate my point practically by citing the experience of a teacher who visited all of the large general stores in Chicago, and found by long and careful searching copies of several of the Madonnas, Breton's End of the Harvest, Joshua Reynolds' Angels' Heads, Landseer's Deer, Land-

seer's Horses, The Good Shepherd, The Return of the Mayflower, The First Christmas Night, and a good portrait of Washington. These were framed, the largest frame costing but seventy-five cents, and the pictures ranging in price from thirteen to fifty cents. When summed up the cost of her treasures was several dollars, but the teacher has these pictures now for the rest of her life, and her schoolroom is a unique feature in the building of which it is a part."

Not every teacher has the artistic training or taste to guide him or her in selecting suitable pictures for a school room. In such a case the best art firms only should be applied to for information. There is hardly a home in the land that might not procure an ample supply of pictures for the home at the cost of the frames, which now enshrine "the first efforts" of their precocious darlings.

Ventilation. The ventilation of the school room is one of the most important duties of a teacher. In order to be able to do so simple a thing as to supply a school room with fresh, pure air the teacher must have more than a superficial knowledge of the subject of ventilation. In nearly all our village and country schools ventilation is secured by natural methods, without the aid of scientific discoveries. It is in regulating the air in a school room that hundreds and thousands of children are exposed to disease. Dr. Newsholme, an eminent authority in London on scientific ventilation, has recently delivered a lecture on this subject. He takes a gloomy view of the situation in many parts of England. He might find even greater cause for alarm in this country. He showed that dust is the common carrier of disease:

The main problem of school hygiene was that of ventilation. In connection with this, cleanliness was essential. Every part of a school should be washable, and wet cleansing, instead of dry, should always be practised. Dust was the great enemy of health, and infectious dust was apt to be spread in schools. Carnelley's results, showing how the micro-organisms in school air increased with dirtiness of schools and of scholars, were quoted. Natural ventilation by windows and other openings could only suffice in summer, in view of the dense aggregation of children in school. In winter the incoming air must be warmed—a point which he emphasized. This implied, in large schools, a mechanical system of ventilation, propulsion and aspiration of air being secured by special appliances. The Educational Department still allowed the deadly system of "direct radiation" without stipulating for conjoined admission of fresh air. Such warmed air was necessarily expensive; but it am-

ply repaid in improved health of teachers and scholars. Carnelley's researches had shown that the air in mechanically ventilated schools was greatly superior to that in schools where trust was placed in natural ventilation along with hot pipes or along with open fires, as still recommended by the Education Department."

Our school houses heated with steam and hot air may be less trouble, but we doubt whether or not they are beneficial to health. The violent extremes of heat and cold and the dry, stinging sensation experienced in our artificially ventilated buildings can not surely contribute much to bodily vigor. The dust laden air of the average schoolroom carries too often the seeds of death to many a cherub. Not only the ordinary diseases of childhood, but also many of the malignant fevers are bred and promulgated in the air of the school room. Now that science has demonstrated beyond the least doubt the germ nature of nearly all the diseases that prove so fatal to children, there is the greatest obligation resting on school authorities to take every possible precaution to prevent their propagation.

The Traveling Library. One of the most gratifying signs of the times is the sudden development of the traveling library. Hitherto the people in the rural districts have suffered great privation in regard to the best books. No part of our population has so much time during the greater part of the year to read, as our rural population. The long winter evenings and the days when outdoor work can not easily be attempted, affords opportunities for reading not enjoyed by any other portion of the population, except the so-called leisure classes. The traveling library takes to every community that desires it the best of books for almost nothing. This arrangement will doubtless contribute greatly to the diffusion of useful knowledge and will make rural life richer and more delightful. The selections forming the traveling libraries are the very best, and no doubt as the plan grows the number of books will be increased and the number of readers greatly enlarged. Public school teachers should interest themselves in securing the advantages of this novel, but highly useful plan for the communities where they teach. By a little exertion any neighborhood may be supplied with fifty or a hundred books at so small a cost as to surprise everybody. Let teachers send for information. The Journal of Education will take pleasure in giving the necessary information in securing a library.

Some people go into mourning if they find that trouble has been in their neighborhood without calling upon them.

Public Opinion. This is the age of the common people. Democracy is triumphant everywhere and it is becoming more and more manifest that an enlightened public opinion is the only safeguard against anarchy and social ruin. The education of the entire body of citizens, women as well as men, has become a governmental necessity in almost every country under the sun. Manhood suffrage is universal in Germany, France and Spain and well-nigh universal in England. In Belgium voting is compulsory and in Holland it is universal. There is no apparent reaction in any country from the reign of the people. Politicians still attempt to manipulate public affairs, but the repeated violent swing of the pendulum from one extreme to the other shows that even the political boss is losing his hold on the public mind. In order, therefore, to prevent serious mischief from befalling modern civilization education, mental and moral, must become general. We are interested not merely in the extent of education, but also in its character. In order to be adequate to the needs of citizenship, our educational system must be modified and extended far beyond its present limits. The ability to read, write and cast up accounts is not sufficient to make an intelligent and useful citizen. The duties of citizenship are so many and so complicated that they ought by all means to be taught to every voter. The ordinary course of study is entirely too limited to fit a young man for voting. In France every pupil must learn all the duties and responsibilities of the citizen. The boy educated in the public schools of the French Republic knows the minutest details of official life, at least in theory. The same ought to be true in the United States. Our boys ought to be taught the duties of every public officer from constable to President. President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, in an article in the *Independent*, takes a very wide view of the growth of democracy. He says:

"Even as the kings, the day of the nations is passing. Man reaches his hand across the artificial boundaries of States. The great forces of human growth are everywhere at work, and the spirit of the time is no respector of nations. That the nations make gross expenditures to pile up barriers along their frontiers is but a sign that barriers crumble and are held up by force alone. The day of empire passes swiftly. Imperialism, like feudalism, is soon a thing of the past. Whatever its name or apparent form, the real government of civilization is democracy. It is public opinion which rules the common judgment of the common man.

"God said, "I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;

For to my ear each morning brings
The outrage of the poor.
Think you I made this ball
A field of havoc and war,
Where tyrants small
Should harry the weak and poor?" "

Primary and Secondary Education. The interdependence of primary and secondary education is everywhere acknowledged and yet is nowhere very consistently worked out. The public school system of most countries is out of joint with the superior education. In England, as well as in this country, there is a wide and unbridged chasm between the two. Elementary education is compulsory and free, but for some reason or other it does not articulate with the secondary education. Sir John Ghorst, an eminent authority in the educational world, is reported to favor but one authority for the two systems. He says:

"People who conduct secondary education have an enormous interest in primary education, because it must be such as to fit the children for the secondary education; and conductors of primary schools have a great interest in secondary schools, because they have to train the children for their further progress. It would be quite impossible for a system to be reasonably carried on unless the primary and the secondary authorities were so closely allied as practically to form one body. Now, is that body to be the school board or the council, or some new body drawn from both, or elected in some entirely different way?"

The chief difficulty in the way of bringing the two systems under one management is that one is compulsory and gratuitous and the other not. The State provides secondary education, but it does not compel anybody to take it. The secondary education in England as in this country is not supplementary to the State codified system, but is so varied as to refuse to lend itself to scientific classification. The *Educational Times*, commenting on Sir John Ghorst's suggestion, says:

"It is not sufficiently borne in mind that there have been two distinct streams in our recent discussions relating to secondary organization. Some of us have kept our attention fixed on the literary and professional first and second grade schools, whilst others have been writing and speaking as though the whole question of organization were one of adding consecutive standards to the national elementary code. The distinction stands in the nature of things, and cannot, in practice, be obliterated or obscured. But confusion has arisen in our controversy, and, if we are not careful, mischief may arise in legislation. It seems to us essential that, in one

form or another, we should have both an elementary and a secondary authority, and still more essential that the secondary authority should have a duplex mind, if not a duplex organization, for dealing with the two main divisions of secondary education."

So far as we are able to see there is not much hope of making primary and secondary education fit the one into the other. The private academy, the grammar school and the High School are so far apart in their methods and aims that they cannot agree upon any common scheme of studies. Moreover they do not at all adjust themselves to the very inadequate elementary studies. In no great country in the world is there such a wide divergence between primary and secondary education. The violent wrench a boy or a girl's training receives on passing from the public school into the academy is so great as to constitute a revolution. Students who pursue their studies in college find that they have had no sort of preparation for the higher work. The readjustment of our entire educational system demands the profoundest attention of our greatest educators whether they be found in the great private university or in our State institutions. It does certainly seem possible to arrive at something better than we now have.

The War in the East. Fighting continues in the Philippines, but our troops are always victorious. General Otis still maintains his fighting line, stretching twenty-five miles north and south of Manila. The insurgents make frequent attacks, but are invariably repelled. Last week an attempt was made to burn the City of Manila and to murder all our troops. On Wednesday, February 22, in the dead of night, three fires were started in different portions of the town and one thousand houses of the natives and hundreds of business places were burned. It is claimed that burning the city was the result of a carefully planned incendiary plot. The American troops did all in their power to extinguish the flames. One report says that it was necessary for our men to burn two hundred houses in the northern part of the city in order to dislodge Filipino sharpshooters. The night was one of terror to the inhabitants. The casualties were few, but the loss of property was immense. The situation is as grave as it well could be. General Otis is waiting for re-enforcements to arrive before he takes the offensive. General Lawton, with six thousand troops, is nearing Manila, and it is supposed that when he arrives he will take the field, but nobody knows what plan has been adopted. The Washington correspondents declare that it is not the purpose of President McKinley to crush the insurgents, but the war men say that as soon as Gen-

eral Lawton, the celebrated Indian fighter, reaches Manila a forward campaign will begin and a heavy blow will be struck that will keep the insurgents quiet during the rainy season. Last week a dispatch was received from Admiral Dewey asking the War Department to hurry forward the Oregon for political reasons. There has been much speculation as to what Dewey means by political reasons. The latest dispatches assert that the insurgents are tired of the war and are making overtures for peace. There is no certainty about any of the reports.

France's New President. The quiet and prompt election of M. Emile Loubet, President of France, in less than forty-eight hours after the sudden death of President Faure shows how smoothly French political machinery moves. France has changed Presidents six times in less than thirty years and each time without the excitement and agitation of a prolonged political campaign. The death or resignation of a President has always been attended by prophecies of revolution or a coup d'état, but nothing of the kind has ever occurred. The death of a President just at this time seemed to expose the country to grave peril, but the enemies of the Republic signally failed. Last week the Bonapartists and the Orleanists both blustered and talked loud, but did nothing. They are helpless and harmless agitators and probably serve a useful purpose to the Republic without intending to do so. They unite the Republicans and alarm the enemies of monarchical institutions. The election of M. Loubet (pronounced Lubey) by a single ballot and by Republicans only is regarded as the greatest triumph in the history of the Republic. The new President had been the President of the French Senate for several years, but is not a brilliant man or a strong political leader. He is plain, honest, upright and unspoiled by wealth or popularity. He comes from the South of France and has in his veins the best of old Roman blood. He is said to be as unpretentious as Lincoln or Grant and free from any taint of corruption or immorality. He is thoroughly domestic in his tastes and habits and hates show and pomp. President Faure is said to have forgotten his old friends and to have lost his head on the dizzy heights. He was foolishly fond of display and ceremony. M. Loubet's election was opposed by none but a small, noisy and pestiferous clique headed by M. Paul de Roulede and M. Drumont. Paul de Roulede has for several years been President of the Patriotic League of France and has constantly sought to provoke trouble. He attempted to create a scene in the National Assembly at Versailles while the voting was going on. He and Drumont were the only two Deputies who attempted to interrupt the voting by making speeches, but they were howled down without ceremony. It is thought that the election of Loubet is favorable for Dreyfus as all the anti-Semites and anti-revisionists voted solid against him. He has never taken any part in the controversy.

Memorial Days.

ARBOR DAY.

Arbor day should be celebrated in every school district all over the United States. Let there be special programs arranged and careful preparation made with the one object in view to enlighten the children about the trees, plants and flowers, and to give special lessons for their care and cultivation. By the planting of shade trees now you will win the gratitude of those who come after, and future generations will "rise up and call you blessed."

No matter what date is selected for Arbor day in your state, let your tree planting be done early in the spring, before the buds have become much swollen. In this as in all other things, "delays are dangerous."

SELECTIONS FOR THE PROGRAM.

ARBOR DAY HYMN.

Tune, "America."

Hail to thee, Arbor day,
The earth to-day is gay
With signs of spring.
The showers from above;
The flowers in field and grove;
All show the divine love
Of nature's king.
We find in running brooks,
In cool and shady nooks,
Sermons in stones.
Good there is in everything;
Returning seasons bring
A book from which we sing
Praises to God.
This day new thoughts awake;
Let us arise and make
A new attempt.
To live in sympathy
With nature, pure and free,
And closer draw to Thee,
Oh, nature's God.
Once more hail, Arbor day;
Winter has had its sway,
And now is past.
The woods and hills give voice,
To Arbor day—their choice;
Let all the earth rejoice
That spring has come.

—E. A. Murphy:

THE APPLE TREE.

(For Recitation.)

Some praise the oak with its branches of iron,
That weathers the storms of a century through,



From Through the Year, Book II. By permission of the Publishers, Silver, Burdett & Co.

And still seems as fresh as when, only a sapling,
It stood in spring garments all verdant and new,
And some praise the laurel, whose green boughs
o'ershadow

The foreheads of poets and nobles and braves;
And some the chaste willow, so gracefully drooping,
That sweeps in sad beauty o'er tear-hallowed
graves.

And some the green cedar of Lebanon honor,
So noble a tree and so worthy of fame,
Which the wisest of monarchs in Israel once hal-
lowed

A temple to build to Jehovah's great name.
But let me to a tree of more humble pretensions,
Though none the less useful, give honor in verse;
The tree of the household, the pride of the orchard—
The apple tree's praises I fain would rehearse.
The sweet blooming apple tree, motherly apple tree;
What a rich burden in autumn it bears;
Not like the pine or the ash or the cedar,
Lifting their fruitless tops up toward the stars,
But spreading so widely its well laden branches
With fruit for man's using, all humbly it stands,
And asks but for hearts that are filled with thanks-
giving
For the gifts it brings forth from heaven's bounti-
ful hands.

Come, join with me then in the apple tree's praises,
So worthy, and yet how neglected in song!
While the rose, charming only by perishing beauty,
Is sung by all poets, extolled by each tongue.
Yet the apple tree's bloom is as lovely in springtime
And sweet as the rose that the poets extol;
While the rosebush, in view of the fruit laden or-
chard,
In autumn stands lone and neglected by all.

—D. H. Howard in Arbor Day Manual.

THE FIELD LARK'S DAY.

BY WILLIAM VINCENT BYARS.

Three small eggs in a field lark's nest!
 Tell, if you please, does heaven love best
 These or the crab tree's delicate scent
 In which spring's secret soul is blent!
 In every egg is a silent strain
 Of song as sweet as the glad refrain
 The field lark sings in the morning hours
 When dewdrops quicken the wild crab's flowers
 To an odorous rapture of faint perfume—
 The unsung song of earth's soul in bloom!



BIRDS HAVE NESTS.

From Geographical Nature Studies. By permission of
 the Publishers, American Book Co.

In every egg is a singer's soul—
 A perfect part of a perfect whole,
 Unborn, yet full of the quickening life
 With which all earth and heaven are rife
 When wild crab's odors and lark's notes rise
 In harmony unseen but not unknown,
 Where love creative has its throne!
 Three small eggs in the crab tree's shade
 In a secret nest that love has made!
 Small are they, yet he whose verse
 Their mystery should well rehearse
 Would tell the tale of the universe!
 Then as we turn from the hidden nest,
 Tell, if you please, does heaven love best
 The field lark's eggs or the wild crab's scent
 In which spring's secret soul is blent!

PLANT A TREE.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

He who plants a tree
 Plants a hope.
 Rootlets up through fibers bindly grope;
 Leaves unfold into horizons free.
 So man's life must climb
 From the clods of time
 Unto heavens sublime.
 Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
 What the glory of thy boughs shall be?
 He who plants a tree
 Plants a joy;
 Plants a comfort that will never cloy.
 Every day a fresh reality,
 Beautiful and strong,
 To whose shelter throng
 Creatures blithe with song.
 If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
 Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee.

He who plants a tree
 He plants peace,
 Under its green curtains jargons cease,
 Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
 Shadows soft with sleep
 Down tired eyelids creep,
 Balm of slumber deep.
 Never hast thou dreamed thou blessed tree,
 Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree
 He plants youth.
 Vigor won for centuries, in sooth;
 Life of time, that hints eternity!
 Boughs their strength uprear,
 New shoots every year
 On old growths appear.
 Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
 Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree
 He plants love.
 Tents of coolness spreading out above
 Wayfarers he may not live to see,
 Gifts that grow are best;
 Hands that bless are blest;
 Plant; life does the rest!
 Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree
 And his work its own reward shall be.

This beautiful poem is well worthy of being planted in the hearts of the children. It contains many lessons that should be impressed upon them. If it is too long to be committed by all, it will make a capital class exercise, letting each pupil recite a verse.

HISTORICAL TREES—TOLD IN RHYME.

All:

One by one we are turning
 The leaves of Time's dusty book,
 And wonderful legends are written
 Of each storied page we look.
 Legends of Indian warfare,
 Of crossing the trackless sea,

Of hunger and cold endured by all,
For the sake of being free.
Far back when the world was younger
The Romans, the stories say,
When some wonderful thing had happened
With a white stone marked the day.
But instead of a stone for remembrance,
We mark by a tall green tree,
Full many a great event that's passed
Since the Mayflower crossed the sea.

First Child:

So looking adown the centuries
To those early frontier days,
And ancient Philadelphia
With its quaint old Quaker ways.
I see 'neath the sachem's elm tree,
Penn and his plumed and fearless band,
And the plumed and painted warriors
Around him on ev'ry hand.

Second Child:

Here he called the Indian brothers
And treated them like men,
And none of the Indians ever broke
That treaty made with Penn.

Third Child:

And even the British foemen
Respected that ancient tree,
And placed a guard to protect it
From their hireling soldiery.

Fourth Child:

But ere another century
Had been told above its head,
A strong wind swept above it,
And the ancient elm lay dead.
Still the mother tells to her children
As they climb upon her knee,
Of the treaty of sixteen eighty-two,
Beneath the old elm tree.

All:

This tree was blown down in 1810 and proved by its rings to be 283 years old. A large part of it was sent to the members of Penn's family and the remainder was made into boxes, chairs, etc.

Fifth Child:

Once when in England's stately halls,
A new king wore the royal crown,
And one with chains for liberty
Sailed o'er the sea to Boston town.
Throughout the land where'er was heard
The measured tread of soldiers' feet,
In all New England's colonies,
The people's hearts as one heart beat.
And when the haughty leader came,
Then every slumb'ring patriot woke,
And they hid Connecticut's charter
In the heart of a hollow oak.

Sixth Child:

But when old England changed k r king

It was taken from out the tree,
And Hartford's charter oak became
The symbol of liberty.

All:

The Vice-President's chair at Washington is made from the charter oak, which was blown down in 1856.

Seventh Child:

We've all of us heard of the stamp act,
And Boston of sixty-five,
And the meetings against taxation
'Neath the old elm, then alive.
And how one August morning,
On a branch of that tree so green,
The effigies of the governor
And old Lord Bute were seen.
The people crowded around them
From every part of the town,
As they swung from the elm tree branches
Till the evening sun went down.

Eighth Child:

And when four more months of trouble
Into the past had sped,
The royal governor 'neath that tree
His resignation read.

Ninth Child:

But at last the lawless soldiery
Beneath the old elm stood,
And Boston's liberty tree
Became the Briton's firewood.

All:

This elm was cut down by the British in 1775. The soldiers used it for firewood and got fourteen cords from it.

Tenth Child:

All over the land in sixty-five,
In spite of king and crown,
The liberty trees were springing up
In every village and town.
In Charleston, South Carolina, there was one,
'Twas a great live oak,
There it stood till in seventeen-eighty
It was burned by the British folk.

All:

The Declaration of Independence was read and meetings were held under this tree. In 1780 it was cut down and burned by the British.

Eleventh Child:

When the stamp act had been repealed
On Norwich's oak so green,
On the topmost branch of the stately tree
A Phrygian cap was seen.

All:

When the stamp act was repealed the people erected a tent under oak spreading branches and encouraged each other to resist all acts of oppression.

Twelfth Child:

And Washington in seventy-five,
'Neath Cambridge's elm tree came,
To take command of the army,
'Mid the people's loud acclaim.

Thirteenth Child.

And still on the green at Cambridge
The old tree stands to-day,
Though rebel and tory long ago,
To dust have mouldered away.

All:

This famous elm is still standing. It is also celebrated as the one under which Whitefield preached.

All:

So to-day as we turn from the present
To the dusty past we see
How many a great and noble deed
Is marked by a famous tree.

—Lizzie M. Hadley in Arbor Day Manual.

THE PLEA FOR THE TREES.

FOR SEVEN PUPILS.

The Beech.

Oh, leave this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!
Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
since childhood in my pleasant bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour,
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carved many a long forgotten name.
As love's own altar honors me,
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

The Maple.

I am the maple.

O come this way
On a hot July day,
If my worth you would know;
For wide and deep
Is the shade I keep.
Where cooling breezes blow.

The Hickory.

When the autumn comes around,
Rich, sweet nuts will then be found
Covering thickly all the ground
Where my boughs are spread,
Ask the boys that visit me,
Full of happiness and glee,
If they'd mourn the hickory tree
Were it felled and dead.

The Oak.

I am the oak, the king of the trees,
Calmly I rise and spread by slow degrees;

Three centuries I grow; and three I stay
Supreme in state; and in three more decay.

The Elm.

Each morning, when thy waking eyes first see,
Through the wreathed lattice, golden day appear,
Here sits the robin, on the old elm tree,
And with such stirring music fills the ear,
Thou mightst forget that life had pain or fear,
And feel again as thou wast wont to do,
When hope was young and joy and life itself were
new

The Hemlock.

I am the hemlock.
I shake the snow on the ground below,
Where the flowers safely sleep;
And all night long, though winds blow strong,
A careful watch I keep.

The Willow.

I am the willow.
Listen! in my breezy moan
You can hear an undertone;
Through my leaves come whispering low,
Faint, sweet sounds of long ago.
Many a mournful tale of old
Heartsick man to me has told;
Gathering from my golden bough
Leaves to cool his burning brow.
Many a swanlike song to me
Hath been chanted mournfully;
Many a lute its last lament
Down my moonlight stream hath sent.

SOME THINGS FOR A BOY TO LEARN.

To walk.
To swim.
To make a fire.
To be punctual.
To throw straight.
To hang up his hat.
To close a door quietly.
To wipe his boots on the mat.
To read aloud when requested.
To help his mother or his sister.
To go up or down stairs quietly.
To remove his hat upon entering a house.
To treat the girls so well that they will all wish
he was their brother.

'Tis coming, 'tis coming, the beautiful spring;
The flowers will blossom, the gay birds will sing,
And drunk with the beauty and balm of the rose,
We'll remember no longer the winter's chill snows.

Necessity is the mother of invention, and she isn't
a very indulgent parent.

 LITERATURE.

 SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

From the Lakeside Classics, published by Ainsworth & Co., Chicago.

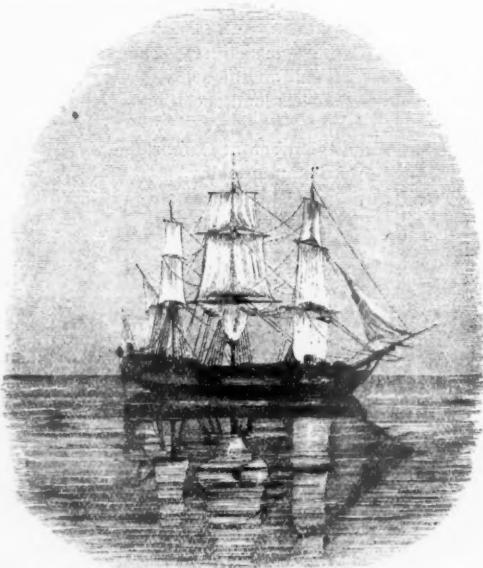
The life of Coleridge, except his early manhood, yields little but sorrow in the reviewing. He was a dreamy, introspective child, "born old," without any taste for the outdoor sports natural to his years, his only amusement being books and the acting out of scenes either real or imagined. He says of himself: "Alas, I had all the simplicity, all the docility of the child, but none of the child's habits. I never thought as a child—never had the language of a child."

The first eight years of his life he was instructed at home. In his ninth year his first sorrow came, the death of his dearly loved father and instructor. In his 11th year, already a poet, he entered the "Blue Coat" school, where he remained till he was 18. Charles Lamb, his schoolmate and lifelong friend, gives us this picture of him: "How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the speech and the garb of the young Mirandula), to hear thee unfold in thy deep and sweet intonations the mysteries of Iamblichus or Plotinus (for even in those days thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in the Greek, or Pindar, while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed with the accents of the inspired charity boy."

He showed his precocity not so much by his scholarship, nor even by his youthful verses, which were of unusual merit, as by his speculative turn of mind.

Of his university days we know little. He read much, but his reading was desultory and uneven; he won a gold medal for a Greek ode on the slave trade; his room was the rendezvous of the ardent young spirits of the college, fired with the burning topic of the French revolution and with zeal for political reform. Lovell and Seward and Burnett were of the group, but Coleridge was the center and heart of it all, fascinating them with his wonderful voice and grace of manner, and copious and eloquent flow of language.

The escapade of his college life is not well understood. One explanation is disappointment in love; another, despondency over debts; his natural quietude of mind might be offered as a third. Whatever the cause, the circumstances are these: He came up to London with a slender purse and,



From The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner, by permission of Ainsworth & Co., Publishers, Chicago.

after a few days was compelled, through sheer want, to enlist as a private in the Fifteenth Light Dragoons, under the name of Silas Titus Comberback, a name he considered appropriate because of his poor horsemanship. A Latin quotation betrayed his probable disguise. The matter was investigated. His discharge was obtained, and after four months' service he returned to Cambridge.

In June of 1794 he met Southey, whose lifelong friendship was an important influence in the life of both. In the same year Southey introduced him to Lovell, the brother-in-law of his future wife. He also met Cottle, his first publisher.

Coleridge and Southey and Lovell, in a spirit of fun, conceived the idea of writing a joint drama, to be called "The Fall of Robespierre." Lovell was to write the first act, Southey the second, Coleridge the third and last. Lovell's was discarded as inharmonious with Southey's; Coleridge's characteristically was not done. So Southey rewrote the first, Coleridge finished the third. Curiously enough, it is usually included in Coleridge's poems.

The next project which engaged the young enthusiasts was the founding of a model republic on the banks of the Susquehanna. Twenty-eight members were secured, but they were a penniless lot, and to raise funds Coleridge and Southey gave each a course of lectures in Bristol. But they brought in but little money, and Southey, the leader, departing

to Spain in search of health, Coleridge, whose emotions soon cooled, threw up the matter in disgust and the whole scheme of pantocracy was finally abandoned.

Previous to this, however, Coleridge had married Sara Fricker, thus fulfilling one of the conditions of membership in the new scheme, a second condition being an agreement to labor two hours a day, the rest of the time to be occupied with literary work. The Misses Fricker had more than done their part. One was already the wife of Lovell, another was engaged to Southey, a third had now become Mrs. Coleridge; but a fourth had refused Burnett, remarking that if he was in such a hurry for a wife he might look elsewhere.

Coleridge withdrawing from his lectureship, retired to Clevedon to spend his honeymoon. Here



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he spent some of the quietest and most contented days of his troubled life. Here he wrote:

"Low was our pretty cot; our tallest rose
Peeped at the chamber window. We could hear
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air,
Our myrtles blossomed; and across the porch
Thick jasmines twined; the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refreshed the eye.
It was a spot which you might aptly call
The Valley of Seclusion!"

Here he revised the poems he had up to this composed, and in the spring of 1797 they were publish-

ed by his friend Cottle, who gave him 30 guineas for the copyright. The work was a collection of odes, sonnets, invocations and a more imposing poem, "Religious Musings," passages of which are almost Miltonic in grandeur of thought, in verbal construction and sonorousness.

"There is one mind, one omnipresent mind, omnific,
His most holy name is Love,—
Truth of subliming import!—with the which
Who feeds and saturates his constant soul,
He from his small particular orbit flies
With bliss outstarting! from himself he flies,
Stands in the sun and with no partial gaze,
Views all creation; and he loves it all,
And blesses it, and calls it very good!
This is indeed to dwell with the Most High!
The cherubs and the trembling seraphim
Can press no nearer to the Almighty throne."

But Coleridge's restless spirit could not long be content; stirring events drew him away from his quiet life:

"Was it right,
While my unnumbered brethren toiled and bled,
That I should dream away the entrusted hours
On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart
With feelings all too delicate for use!"

He chose journalism as the medium of his propaganda of liberty. The paper was called the *Watchman* and in order to avoid the stamp act was issued every eighth day. It lived but through ten numbers, as might have been expected from the peculiarity of its issue and the heaviness of its contents.

Freed from editorial work, Coleridge retired to Stowey, entering upon the happiest and most satisfactory period of his life. He revised his poetical works, discarding some poems and adding new ones. He was visited by the Lambs and by Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy. The Wordsworths were so charmed with him that they removed to Nether Stowey for the sole purpose of being near him. The attraction was mutual and on Wordsworth's part at least, strong and enduring. The two young men became inseparable companions, taking daily rambles among the Quantock hills and discussing their theories in regard to the province and expression of poetic thought. Their close and sympathetic observation of the beauties of nature suggested to them what Coleridge called "the two cardinal points of poetry." That as the accidents of light and shade, of sunlight and moonlight, over a familiar landscape, make the poetry of nature, so in literature a series of poems might be written to correspond; one, the incidents and agents to be, in part at least, supernatural, the interest growing out of the dramatic truth of the emotions which naturally accompany such literature; the other, the incidents and agents to be chosen from ordinary life—the life of any village or hamlet where there is a meditative and feeling

mind to seek after them or notice them when they present themselves. The romantic or supernatural section was assigned to Coleridge, while Wordsworth was to take the realistic, "to give the charm



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of novelty to things of every day." "Lyrical Ballads" was the result, the "Ancient Mariner" the notable illustration of Coleridge's theory.

During his two years' stay at Stowey Coleridge wrote in addition to the "Ancient Mariner," which is considered the best of his poetical works, the first part of "Christabel," which he considered his masterpiece; "Hymn on Chamouni," full of lofty and beautiful thought; "Ode to France," which Shelley pronounced the best ode in the English language; and "Kubla Khan," a fragment written from the recollection of a dream. The first and last are fine examples of the metrical harmony of which Coleridge was a master. The second part of "Christabel" was not written until 1800. It is inferior to the first part, but contains the lines which Coleridge considered the best he had ever written.

"Lyrical Ballads" was published in the fall of 1798 and immediately Coleridge, accompanied by the two Wordsworths, went to Germany—Coleridge to "complete his education," as he said, by the study of the German language and philosophy. He remained abroad a year, coming back full of the old enthusiasm and large literary projects for the future.

Then the tragedy of his life began. He had from boyhood been a sufferer from rheumatism and dyspepsia. To allay the pain recourse was made to opium. The old story is again re-written. Weak willed by nature, Coleridge soon became addicted to the regular use of the drug, and in the pathetic lines in his "Ode to Dejection," written less than two years after his return from Germany, he epitomizes what life has been to him and what it has become, his only resource, what he called his "mental disease."

"There was a time when, though my path was rough,
This joy within me dallied with distress,
And all misfortunes were but as stuff
Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness;
And fruits and foliage not my own seemed mine.
But now afflictions bow me down to earth;
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth,
But oh! each visitation
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
My shaping spirit of Imagination.
For not to think of what I needs must feel,
But to be still and patient, all I can;
And haply by abstruse research to steal
From my own nature all the natural man—
This was my sole resource, my only plan;
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul."

The "shaping spirit of imagination" was indeed suspended. The creative period of Coleridge's literary life had passed away. His study in Germany bore fruit in a most excellent translation of *Waffenstain*, the best of his dramas; but from 1802 to 1816 we have but a broken record of occasional lectures, of fitful newspaper work, of the flaring up of the old genius in the old self delusion of huge plans for the future, of disappearances from the ken of faithful friends.

Persuaded at last that he could not conquer the habit alone, Coleridge in 1816 became an inmate of the home of Mr. Gillman, a London physician, expecting his stay to be temporary, but he remained there till his death in 1834. These 18 years were by no means fruitless. The judicious care of Mr. Gillman, the regular habits enforced, the wise and loving espionage, restored to a great extent the giant intellect. The creative faculty was dead, indeed dead; but the wonderful author of the "Ancient Mariner" had become the first great critic of Shakespeare, and it may be there is no second.

In his "Biographia Literaria" he expounds with great clearness the doctrine of the "Lake School," of which Wordsworth was the great head. He compiled his "Literary Remains;" he wrote "Aids to Reflection," the best known of his prose works; he elaborated the plan of his magnum opus, "The History of Philosophy," with an immense sweep from Pythagoras to Locke. His "Table Talk," compiled after his death, is full of delightful and stim-

ulating thought, for among the great conversationists Coleridge stands without a peer. All this lit-



From the Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner, by permission of Ainsworth & Co., Publishers, Chicago.

erary work, his later lectures, the friendship and honor, and admiration of that younger circle of literary workers raised him to something of his old position, and he made his exit from what was to him life's troubled stage with dignity.

Coleridge seems a literary Titan, reckless and prodigal of the rich material of which he was master, fashioning now this, now that, as the fancy seized him, completing nothing, tantalizing us by forcing us to see in the light of what he could do, how little he had done. But he had that worst of all heritages, a weak will, and genius seems always subject to strange vicissitudes.

"Oh let him pass; he hates him
Who would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer."

JOTS AND JINGLES.

BY ARTHUR J. BURDICK.

Too many souls meet failure and distress
All on account of lack of thoroughness.

Good character a sure foundation is;
Let man but build on this, success is his.

Push, perseverance and discretion combined can
conquer the universe.

The meadows broad, of nature are the prose;
A poem is each flower that therein grows.

Fight hard and long, when'er to fight you must;
But ever to your foe be fair and just.

"Tis now the Representative
Constructs his little bill;
And practices upon a speech,
His auditors to thrill.

The Spanish Cervera had,
And Cuba had her Blanco;
They met defeat as it was mete,
As will rash Aguinaldo.

We'll forgive the cruel winter
For its bluster and its blow,
For the beauty that he gives us
In the sunshine on the snow.

The past a field of memory is;
Hope makes the future bright;
To-day holds tasks; then labor well
E'er comes the long, dark night.

One's body must go whither his feet takes him.
The feet, however, are the servants of the will.
Guide, then, thy feet in paths of honor that thy
body may not be brought to shame.

Smiles cost no money, but they clothe the wearer
with beauty, they feed hungry hearts with comfort
and envelope the mental world in sunshine.

If the stars don't shine by night time,
And the sun don't shine by day,
Breathe not sad sighs for the wind will rise
And blow the clouds away.

The capitalist may own the land,
But the sky, with its beautiful blue,
The song of the birds, the balm on the air,
And the sunshine belong all to you.

A swift horse means a short journey.
Olean, N. Y.

The Perry Pictures advertised on page 4 are real
works of art, and may well adorn any school or home.
If you send for a set you will not be disappointed.



AN OLD SONG EVENING.

BY MRS. C. A. COATS.

Do you wish to raise a fund for your school library or for some charity? An "Old Song Evening" will be sure to prove a success. It may be gotten up as the chief feature of an entertainment varied by recitations, tableaux, dialogues, etc., or as a specialty.

If possible have all of the singing done by children dressed in appropriate costumes. People love to hear children sing because they can usually understand every word as distinctly as if spoken and because of their interest in the children themselves.

An accompaniment to the songs may be played on a piano concealed from view, but the playing must be very soft. All of the music should be rendered low that the full effect of the children's voices may be given. Suggestions are given for a number of songs, but any others may be used that are universal favorites:

STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

Have the solos rendered by a young girl dressed as the Goddess of Liberty, carrying a large flag. The chorus should be sung by a quartet behind the scenes.

OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

Sung by a boy dressed as a farmer, shirt sleeves rolled up, barefooted, big straw hat, etc. He carries a rake or pitchfork over his shoulder. The well can be made out of old weatherbeaten boards. Have an oldfashioned well sweep if possible. The bucket should have traces of moss upon it and look old and dark. When he reaches the line about the bucket the boy should rest his hand upon it.

ROCK-A-BYE, BABY.

A little girl attired like a middle aged lady sits sewing and singing while she rocks an oldfashioned cradle containing a large doll. Another little girl dressed like a grandmother, wearing cap and spectacles, sits near by in an oldfashioned rocker, with a big Bible open upon her lap. She joins in the chorus should be sung by a quartet behind the scenes with the mother, as if unconscious of singing.

DEATH SONG OF THE INDIAN WARRIOR.

Have a boy dressed in all the finery, paint, feathers and scalps of an Indian chief. He should be armed with hatchet and bow and arrows. There are some persons in almost every neighborhood who possess some Indian relics or trappings who will cheerfully lend them. The song suggests the surroundings.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE:

Sung by a girl dressed in Scotch plaid and wearing a Tam O'Shanter. A few bunches of rye or similar grain placed in tiny shocks on the floor will add to the effect.

SUWANEE RIVER.

A boy dressed as a very aged negro, leans upon a cane to support his tottering steps as he sings with bowed head and tremulous voice.

THE GIPSEY'S WARNING.

The curtain rises showing a well dressed youth kneeling before a pretty young girl seated in a rocker, offering her a bouquet. A young girl, a brunette, enters and sings the song. She should wear a short red skirt, waist fancifully decorated, bright colored shawl for head dress and a profusion of jewelry. The words will suggest the proper attitudes, etc.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

a table on which is a teapot, cup and saucer. She should hold a cat in her arms which she strokes as she sings. A shrill, falsetto voice will be highly effective.

AULD LANG SYNE.

This should be rendered by a quartet of boys, dressed as old men of the last century, sitting round a table on which is a pitcher or punch bowl, glasses, pipes, apples and chess board. At the close they should shake hands and leave the stage in different directions.

ORIGIN OF YANKEE DOODLE.

Sung by a lively boy dressed as Uncle Sam. The words will suggest appropriate gestures, etc.

NANCY LEE.

Sung by a boy in sailor costume, which can be copied from pictures.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

A girl dressed in deep mourning kneels by an empty cradle with hands clasped as if in prayer. Just at the close a little child dressed in white, with wings, representing an angel, quietly enters and stands with arms outstretched over the mother's head as if in benediction. (This makes a lovely tableau.)

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN; OR, PAT MALLOY.

By a boy in Irish costume. A little dance at the close will be effective. Let green be the prominent color and the pipe and "shillalah" be conspicuous.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Sung by a boy nicely dressed like a young man of a century ago will prove effective.

AMERICA.

A full chorus sung by girls dressed in our national colors, wearing liberty caps and boys carrying flags.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

Sung by two or more boys "in blue." Have a small tent if possible and the usual accoutrements of the soldier.

DIXIE.

At the top of a cotton bale or its imitation a dusky damsel sits listening to the strains of a banjo picked by her darkey suitor. Try to have the costumes such as were worn by slaves before the war.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

If possible have this sung in German by children in German costumes. You will be repaid for all the trouble you take to accomplish this.

WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

Sung by a coquettish little girl who trips or dances about as she sings.

A SERENADE—STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

This should be sung by a tall, graceful boy who pretends to accompany himself on the guitar or mandolin. He should wear a gay Spanish cloak and plumed hat, knee pants and stockings laced with gold ribbons. A pair of shutters are to be set up to represent the window. Have a lamp burning behind it. A few tubs of palm or pine will aid in the arrangement of this scene.

BUY A LITTLE TOY.

Sung by a little girl in Swiss costume. Short skirt, laced bodice, apron and cap. She should carry a little basket of trinkets.

BILLY BOY.

A duet sung by a boy and girl dressed as very green country folk.

MARSEILLES HYMN.

Sung in French by a girl dressed in red.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

Have two children dressed to represent an old-time English couple, the girl doing the singing.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALL.

Sung by a girl dressed in green or in white decorated with green paper shamrock.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Have a boy and girl dressed to represent an old couple. Seated between them holding each by the hand is a boy representing a travel stained, dusty wanderer, whose stick and bundle lie at his feet, sings the song. Have a good chorus sung by those concealed behind the scenes. Repeat softly.

Madison, Ill., February 10, 1899.

READING.

BY LINA L. PATTERSON.

Reading, by far the most important study in the school curriculum, is often the most neglected.

What is more pleasing than to listen to a well modulated voice reading a selection from some classical author? The thought is clearly expressed and you see and feel as the author saw and felt. The reader understands the different emotions of the writer and expresses them by means of voice. On the other hand, what is more disgusting than to listen to the same selection read in a dull, monotonous tone? The fine thought and feeling are lost and the monotone expresses nothing.

What is the cause of the difference between the two readers? Difference in teaching is the only answer. The former was taught to get the thought from the subject matter read and naturally gave the intonation required; the latter doubtless was not taught reading in its truest sense, but word pronouncing.

I would not deify pronunciation, as it is of the utmost value, but it is secondary to the teaching of reading. The definition of reading itself proves this. "Reading is gaining thought from the printed page," or another, "Reading is an interpretation of the thought of the author."

The very first sentence that a child reads should be an expression of some thought. As the first lesson is invariably about the proverbial cat, we must make the word cat mean something or else it is time thrown away. If the child has not seen a cat, show it one, or at least the picture of one.

The pronunciation of new words in the successive lessons should be incidentally but emphatically taught. Silent reading should be used to gain the thought; then require the child to express it in his own words, after which in the language of the text.

This method will apply equally well to the primary or grammar grades. In this article I can only give what is applicable to general classes—space will not permit of the details.

Frequently in this method a small, unimportant word may be changed or omitted. If you are using good text books it will be a mere waste of time to attempt to improve the language, therefore call attention to the omission. Be careful not to place so much stress on this as to make the pupil self conscious. If you do his next sentence and thought will be ruined, as he will have concentrated his mind on the words and the thought will be lost. With the average pupil a few kindly hints will make him sufficiently careful and the fault will be corrected. Should a tendency be to make the omissions too frequent, firmly persist in your criticisms until accurate expression is obtained.

Choose text books with reference to their subject matter. After several years in this work I find that children are sensible to the difference between good and poor selections. Allow the pupils to "pick out pieces." Seven cases out of ten will select a standard author. This also applies to younger as well as older pupils.

Allow me to illustrate with a known case. Two sisters of 8 and 5 were entertaining themselves by playing school. The older could read very nicely and was fond of reading aloud. On this as many previous occasions she was reading to her sister, who was not yet in school. She was reading a simple childish story of the rippling brook in the meadow. The younger listened very patiently for some time. Finally she interrupted by saying: "Don't read any more of that; read about Mr. Longfellow." The older immediately acquiesced and they were soon deeply interested in the story of the boyhood of our revered poet. Later when the eyes of the older became weak so she was not allowed to read much their older brother read to both. Seldom did they spend an hour in reading that he was not requested to read "Paul Revere's Ride." The spirit of the poem found an echo in their hearts and they were never tired of listening to the wonderful story of the time of freedom's birth.

These are only two of the many cases which might be cited. Then let us give the children good mental food instead of the trash so often found in school readers.

It might be said that our text book authors are awakening to this fact. Many more selections from standard works are found in the texts than formerly and more in some series than in others.

We wish to keep the hearts and minds of the children pure. No better way is known than to teach them how to read and what. One of the proudest moments in my life was when a girl of 15 came to the desk to say good bye and also said: "I thank you for teaching me how to read and to enjoy reading good books."

The importance of the "how" is paramount. If the boy or girl has not the ability to form the mental pictures and obtain the thought of what he reads, he will not long be interested in his book. One does not need to be a platform elocutionist to be able to read. Many a reader sees and feels more than can be expressed by mere gestures.

The "what" is not so difficult. Our literature furnishes abundance for old and young. There are few children who are not charmed by the tales of Hawthorne or the descriptions of Irving. The songs of our beloved Whittier and Longfellow have sung themselves deep into the hearts of hundreds of boys and girls and we have noble men and women of high ideals as a result. With all this wealth, parent, teacher, can you say there is nothing for your boys and girls to read? You surely cannot. Then let us teach reading in its truest, deepest sense and have noble minded men and women and in truth the greatest nation on the earth.

Burton, O., February 1, 1899.

A BIT OF CONFESSION AND A WORD OF WARNING.

BY A SUPERINTENDENT.

A few weeks ago I was waited upon by a man who looked like a gentleman and who wished to get from me, because of my acquaintance with the city, the names of people who were out of work in order to offer them employment. I asked him what the character of the employment was, and he said it was to travel and secure canvassers for books. I remarked that canvassing was a fine art and I did not believe he could hire canvassers, much less people to train canvassers, from the people whom I knew. He said that by his method of training a person in a few days could learn to do the work; that there was no risk connected with it; that the firm by whom he was employed paid \$40 for the first month's services, etc. In response to his importunities I gave him the names of certain people whom I knew to be out of employment.

I have since learned that I did not get from him the entire plan of operations. It seems that he goes to people who are out of employment and paints the business which he offers in such rosy colors that they are persuaded to sign a contract to work for the firm for a period of one month, for so many hours a day, and as a guarantee of good faith to deposit \$7.50. A lawyer tells me that the canvasser and probably the firm behind him live upon these forced contributions from poor people, and that the scheme is so barefaced a form of robbery that I ought to have detected it at sight. Thinking, however, that other superintendents may be as simple as myself, I write this confession as a word of warning.

School superintendents and ministers are constantly solicited to give their indorsement to schemes of all kinds. It is true there are many good things that should be indorsed and encouraged, but let every one be sure that there is no hidden scheme for imposing upon others before he places his name to any recommendation.—Ed.

Children's Corner.**A LESSON ON HONESTY.**

In giving a lesson on honesty primary children must first be taught what is meant by this term. Ask all who have seen a tall man to raise their hands; then those who have seen

when they see him; if he dresses in a different way from other people or walks differently. Give all a chance to express themselves on this point, and very likely some child will bring out the true idea:

An honest person is known by what he says and does.

Teacher: "There are many ways in which one can be honest. Let me tell



BOB AND HIS GRANDMOTHER.

From Perry Pictures Co., Malden, Mass.

a short man, a negro, an Italian, a Pole, a Chinese. Talk with the children about the special characteristics of each of these peoples until all know how they recognize them. Then ask how many know an honest person

you one way." It's a story about

BOB AND HIS GRANDMOTHER.

"What in the world!" said grandma Leslie. Bob was just coming round the corner with both pockets bulging out as if they would burst. When he

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saw grandma he started back, but she called him to her, and said in her cheery tones—Bob always declared she was the jolliest grandma in the world—"Well, Bob, what have we here?"

Very slowly the boy began to unload his pockets. He didn't look up for he knew what grandma would say. When there was quite a pile of hickory nuts in her lap and more on the little stand by her side, Bob began to explain.

"You see, grandma, Mrs. Ware has such a lot of 'em on her tree. And she can't pick 'em up, an old lady like her. And she couldn't eat 'em anyway, 'cause she hasn't any teeth. An'—"

"And so my boy asked her if he could help himself, did he?"

Bob kept his eyes on the floor. He had been dreading this question.

"Always tell the truth, my boy," said grandma, and presently Bob owned up like a man.

Show the picture of Bob and his grandmother to the children, and talk with them about it.

Ask why Bob did not want to meet his grandmother when he was so fond of her; why he hung his head and dreaded her questions; how he came by the nuts in his pockets, and whether it was right for him to have them. Was he an honest boy in taking the nuts? In telling his grandmother about them? What ought he now to do with them?

Teacher: "Who would like to finish the story and tell us what Bob finally did with the nuts?"

Get as many different ones in the class to end the story as you can, then bring out the main thoughts to be written on the board.

An honest person never takes what does not belong to him.

Teacher: "Bob had a good many talks on honesty with grandma Leslie after this, and when he went to school he was so careful never to take what belonged to anybody else that the children called him—what do you think?—Honest Bob.

"Would they have given him this name if he had borrowed some other boy's pencil and kept it himself? If he had ever taken an apple out of some other child's desk when no one saw him?

"Tell me all the ways you can think of for a boy to be honest. Do girls need to be honest, too? How can a girl be honest?

"There are other ways of being dishonest, besides taking things which do not belong to us. Let us see what some of them are."

THE TWO SLEDS.

There were three boys and only two sleds, so they took turns in riding down the long hill. Kent and Ralsey went first, then Ralsey and Olin, then Olin and Kent.

"Which boy gets the most rides?"

said a man who was watching the fun.

"Oh, we get just the same," cried the boys in a chorus. "Twouldn't be fair any other way."

"Well, you boys are honest, that's certain," said the man. "Keep right on and you'll make good men some day."

Teacher: "Kent and Ralsey were larger than Olin. Suppose they had ridden more times than he and left the little fellow out because he wasn't



THROUGH THE YEAR: BOOKS I and II. By Anna M. Clyde and Lillian Wallace. Square 12mos. 107 pp. and 110 pp. respectively. Fully illustrated. Cloth. Introductory price, 36 cents each. Silver, Burdett & Company, publishers, Boston, New York, Chicago.



From Through the Year, Book II. By permission of the Publishers, Silver, Burdett & Co.

big enough to help himself, would that have been fair play? Why not?"

Talk this story over with the class until they catch its spirit. Then write on the board:

An honest person is always fair in his play.

An honest person never tries to get the better of anybody else.—School Physiology Journal.

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The topics selected are those which are most seasonable for the several divisions of the calendar. Thus we follow, through the processions of months, the life of the plant from germination to seed-making; the life his-

story of the moth and butterfly; the history of a little drop of water that "within the ocean lay," through all its varied changes into vapor, rain, hail, snow, ice, etc.; the winds and their work; also the work of the sun and rain; the appropriate history lessons clustering around the lives of the great men whose birthdays we celebrate, as Lincoln and Washington; and the important national holidays of Thanksgiving, Christmas, Decoration Day, Flag Day, etc. "The First Thanksgiving" affords opportunity for an interesting account of the Pilgrims; "The Story of Columbus" appears in the Month of October; and "The First Flag," with its interesting description of how Betsy Ross made the first "Stars and Stripes," appropriately ushers in Flag Day. Thus there is a strong patriotic flavor to the books, as well as an element of true literary culture. Ethical principles are strongly enforced by simple and beautiful stories that make appeal to the children's sense of right and honor. There is a ring to Phoebe Cary's "Our Heroes" which will inspire the boys with true courage to meet the temptations of everyday life. "Do what you can" is a good motto for all, and the Christmas stories are full of the blessedness of loving and giving.

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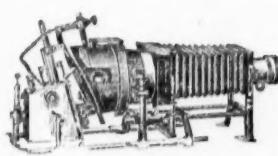
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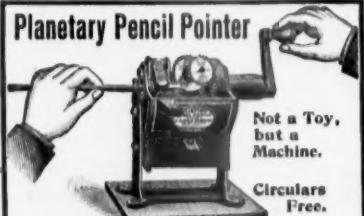
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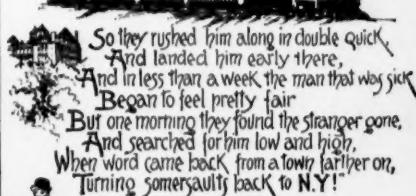
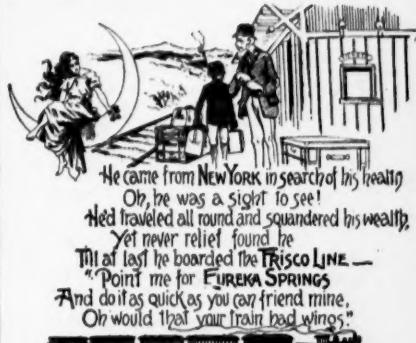
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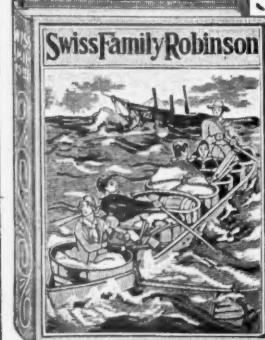
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